

The American Dream © Xen. 15
One has to be sleeping to believe it.
A young woman's narrative.

American women from K1 through finishing school are misled into thinking she is center of the universe and before age 10, has an ego the size of Nebraska that only grows larger pumped up by US Socialist, PC education and mass media systems. American education is geared primarily for females not males. For Socialism to successfully overthrow a country from within, it needs dependable, *dependent* females to do it. The males and children follow her to a stony end. Which is the bigger fool, she or those who follow her? Socialism is communism dressed in drag; a pig in lipstick and dressing gown remains a pig. Same for Socialism. Studies show that absent feminist educators and similar biased elements, boys and girls progress through school in tandem. However, with progressive educator's skewed bias against boys, **they fail both genders** miserably especially during college years and after in the acid test of real life.

Consequently misandrist, matriarchy dominates US education systems in a lose/lose for both genders. When these young women leave institutional shelters entering the real world on her maiden flight, once outside of fantasy, student pilot 'Meme Park' that is her first hard crash and burn when the I'm a special snowflake loses her supporting pedestal to find her wings do not work at all. Her egoistic petard cushions the blow a little bit in realizing *out there* she is just another competitor for resources in an indifferent world. Supply and demand rules. A cute wink, flirt and smile might get her through the first 5 minutes but afterwards she better know or have assets of marketable value or face certain failure. 'No grass, no gas, no ass,' no free ride in the real world, baby love. First walk through the sharp spined cactus patch of real life pops her over inflated ego from every angle. Oh, see how they ****POP**!** Those professors in school who could not muster success in real life experience hid out in escapes of higher education. They never told you of these things because few if any ever graduated that far to learn them. Instead, college life taught you theories from books written more for children's fairy tale markets than *Surviving in Life 101*. Stories your mother never told you because she was not home to do so. Your dear old mom sold her soul to the company store credit account same as you did before leaving school; like mother like daughter. Daycare had no time for stories even if the childcare institutes knew them at all. So, you grew up with more TV and mass media talking heads broadcasting from the moon as role models for your life. American Socialist College faculty is one of the most protected Intellectual classes on this planet. Outside of their sheltered world these people are considered village idiots or as mom called them 'educated idjits.' So what are they conditioning current and future generations of mostly college educated women to be? How could they know about real life having only lived in an elitist, fantasy 'Meme Park?' That is the first serious let down after school. All the hard knocks of living that your professors never prepared you to encounter when reciting their once upon a time, happy ending, airy fairy tales about what to expect after school. They set you up for having it all, baby love – especially one helluva hard fall. **Why should you succeed to best them of their job security? Or worse, become their owners?** The 'idjits' spun tales of leaving educational shelters to live the great American dream handed to you on a silver platter by well dressed, Chippendale, male servants. American women learned that the *liberated woman* can have it all her way. Why? Because as a special snowflake, *she deserves it*. Conveniently leaving out that one has to be sleeping to believe The Great American dream; but, **you do not yet know that**. Once in the real world free of school shelter and not even treading water, our graduate sinks further into revolving debt. She works three jobs selling insurance because that is all she could get. A sales job in an industry once reserved for minimally educated people. So much for that high paid fresh out of finishing school position at a Fortune 500 company, complete with keys to executive washroom, summer vacation at company tropical and other resorts, a penthouse office – next to the Presidential suites – and private valet parking. That was the recruitment sales pitch & package the college official mentioned during first acceptance interview and signing away her first born and soul on student loan contracts. The reality is 4 years of college & 2 or 4 years of finishing school later, burdened with eighty thousand dollars of student loan debt – all she can market her skills to do is selling indemnity policies: *she, is an insurance agent*. That reality is the first sting of her Faustian contract with the Devil that our graduate signed in exchange for 'having it all her way, baby,' which is now a steel bear trap biting her ass along with everything else purchased **on revolving credit** before the

first commission check arrives. Fresh out of school and she owes her soul to the credit bureaus & company store for life. That's when the true cost of sorority nights at school bring the realization of just how far into the dumper is she chasing the American dream & rainbow sinking deeper into the 'shit happens' cesspool. Life mounts up with complexities of which – her mother, or her now absent '*you go girl*' feminist classmates, or the pompous ass well paid college guidance officers & professors who sold her that butt-load load of BS as an advanced BA or PhD degree in the first place – **never told her**. Stuffed up her asset without even a smooch or anal lube, which with her student loan credit line maxed out she could not afford because those luxuries cost extra. She cannot keep up with Madison Ave. status quo, in purchasing the latest and greatest 'I'd look so cute in' accessories much less status quo anything at all. She is drowning in debt. The real world stings and life stinks for it did not quite work out as she had planned chasing the American dream. By now, our modern girl may only be a single woman or, perhaps, as in this case through bad judgment during one of those wild and crazy sorority party's – after too much to drink and snort – is now a burdensome single mother, which complicates her life dreadfully. So many guys, so much fun and that little bundle & bastard of misery is the price she pays for it on top of everything else. Oh, where is her rich white knight to save her from self? Like in her childhood '**Pretty Woman**' Hollywood cinematic fairy tale? Where is her sisterhood '**9 to 5**' perfect job flowing cash, milk and honey? Hey, modern girl...odd how you never needed a man until now as a lifesaver from drowning in debt other consequences that you created. You are not independent at all. That is predatory parasitism using your SMV to entrap a man to pay, sacrifice & martyr for your mistakes on a sexual aka lover's cross. That only proves that you are dependent after all and do need helpful men, currently in very short supply to save you from *you*. Now is when the graduate realizes liberation is not what she was misled to believing and that maybe her grandmother's perceived 'indenture' to husband and family 'whore chores' was not so confining after all. At least grandma was not alone raising her children or in the final years suffering in a wasteland of old age, sickness, dying and death. Every living person is headed there, no exceptions. She had a faithful man & husband by her side through thick and thin... They had been married for what seems like forever... Her distant grandmother was always available as comfort and support 3000 miles away but nonetheless available by phone. Whereas her mom's corporate answering service received and screened all *her* calls with no reply. More of life's miseries that her physically and emotionally absent, feminist mother never told her of while always too busy serving as a NOW corporate income whore. She never knew her dad. Mom rarely spoke about him except in a bad way...as parental alienation or the Medea Complex named after the Greek Tragedy *Medea*. In brief, it is a heartbreak drama about a mother destroying their children over of *her spitefulness* for their father. Our college girl seems to recall that she once heard mother say, "I never felt oppressed until after filing for and being granted a no fault divorce. After which she was *forcefully liberated* from a life of wife & motherhood into enslavement to the outside work world..." But maybe that was only a dream in her foggy recollection of childhood, too...and then she thinks... perhaps the *bad old days* of her grandmother's world, and those brief '*bad old days*' copying her that her mom briefly enjoyed were not so awful after all. She'll never know; for our graduate never *chose* that chance to find out. Her world is one of regrets about 'the life that might have been.' The path untaken and paradise lost. After emancipation, mom became and remains so venomous and bitter. In divorcing dad, she also divorced the entire world. Perhaps bitterness is the price of shattered dreams...or perhaps the true nature of feminism in toto. Every Faustian contract is different while always remaining the same. Single 'meat markets' grow uglier with each visit. Crowds of losers and emotional wrecks deck the beer halls, clubs and bars all looking for a 'one nighter' to ease the loneliness of another empty night of darkness always waking up to sting of first morning light cold and alone. The faces may be different but always remain the same derelicts looking for a free ride and a hump until the next promising, greener grass opportunity, allows jumping ship from wet sheets into the dry sack with another player. Another escapee leaves her crying alone, If he loved me, he would stay and sleep on the wet spot...boo, hooo..... All she finds is wannabe 'Cinderfellas' hoping for a *sugar mama* to bankroll his early retirement. All the while gold digging, sugar daddy hunting, Ms. Cinderella is doing that to him. Among these losers are beyond desperate cougars – mutton dressed as lamb – out of time as her withered & aged SMV expires at midnight when the bar closes. Alcohol and poor judgment erase a million sins for wannabe old women, dreadfully losing to the young and fresh meat, who refuse to accept who and what is she. Terrified of again being tonight's leftovers tossed out at

closing time, she ups her come and buys him drinks in desperate approach to what remains of the late comers & those unchosen losers during last calls before the bars shut down. She begs him to please '**choose me, take me home;**' for, spending the night with a stranger is better than another one alone. Desperation rules when facing another cold & lonely evening by yourself taking pension in emptiness and TV, until alcohol and prince Valium sedate her pain into waking another day older and closer to dead. These are the cast of players who only love you when playing the game. Our graduate is so tired of games... In her late twenties, she is so tired of everything... Perhaps this is why mom is such a bitter person? Suitable men are scarce as hen's teeth. Every potential Mr. Goodbar turns into a Mr. 'Milk Dud' when talk of commitment and building a life together with she and her son punctuates any conversation. Even the chance to meet such a hopeful opportunity grows scarcer by the minute. Precious moments watching her young womanhood waste away like fresh, sweet rainwater draining down an empty manhole. When he discovers that I have baggage or an 'already made family' suddenly a guy remembers something at home on the stove or his bathroom needs cleaning or that his dog needs feeding. Some distant, immediate need elsewhere far away from her. How fast men can move! When she does lure home a potential catch, first whiff of **serious** and he checks out on the run for a loaf of bread to never call again. She does not even have a chance to feed and bed him for at least a chance proving her worthiness. Forget churches, the last refuse of the 'good girls.' She outnumbers available 'church guys' 100 to 1 or more, which makes competition for him beyond belief. Seems these 'good girls' on the pious sly share and steal each other's men, too. A wedding ring never plugs the 'proverbial hole' as it were. It almost invites violation. All is fair in love and war as they say and religion never stopped the bitch-shit war of stealing mates in the least. Ditto for single parent mixer organizations: dead ends. Why should a decent guy or any man commit to any relationship with a woman and family? When after her fantasy pops the 'use best by' date on a carton of milk lasts longer than another throwaway marriage. Moving on she files for divorce in search of green fields elsewhere. Expecting to buy another man off the rack like a blouse in women's wear at her local boutique. She's always on the lookout to marry and trade up to *greener pastures* as it were leaving the last man *she blames for everything 'bad about her life'* with negative ROI: her debts, shattered dreams and 20 years or perhaps a lifetime of support payments to her & baggage if she can prove he is the father. Thanks to *Divorce Inc* and its wedding limousine chasing lawyers that are always on hand when she decides to end her honeymoon fantasy. Hard to imagine any fool that would voluntarily commit to a less than a zero sum *return of investment and total loss* right out of the box. That is what American men face when considering marriage, family and a lifetime sacrifice hanging on a matriarchal meat hook to liberated American women. Her feminist professors never taught this in women's studies at school nor of the isolation, living in a wasteland among billions of people while all alone as 'meat market' commodity in a cold world of limited, bought and sold resources of which to it she has very little par value. Especially after her 'use best by' SMV or 'sexual market value' expiration date expires. SMV bought and sold with 'pork bellies' on commodity exchanges to whoever offers the highest spot price now.

Where have all the men gone good or otherwise? They are not stupid anymore! After watching the bloodbath men have taken in the last 50-70 years by liberated women & *Divorce Inc*, he says, "nope, I don't want a lifetime of that misery." I am not killing me taking care of no woman and her baggage. Many are on strike while others simply quit trying at all. After being beating down a draft horse too long, it simply does not get up anymore. Competing with her fantasies is impossible for a flesh and blood male. He comes up short every time, so why as a loser straight out of the box should he play her stupid fantasy games? Those few men still interested in doing the father-family thing, shop for higher quality imports from other countries. Where he finds much better value in an affordable Mercedes or Rolls Royce than from the rich choices of well-used American Ford Pintos sold from '*She Cheats-um & Howe*' car lots littering America. Moreover, in most countries outside of US, it is a bride's family that pays **him** 'dowry' to marry off their daughters; whereas a man pays his whole life, and sometimes well after, to marry an American woman and sacrifice for her dreams. She keeps the goldmine well after he is dead, gone and buried at bottom of the shaft. Illustrated by an old saw, "A man's son asks his father much do weddings cost?" The father replies, 'Son I do not know, I am still paying for mine.' Only in America. You have it all ladies unintended consequences included. Many more, mostly younger men, hide out in such places as his job, efficiency

apartment full of men toys, parent's basements, meeting **only his needs** playing video games with his buddies, spending free time bumming around with friends absent a hovering, controlling, bitching, slave-driving woman constantly isolating him from his support network. In the US matriarchal double standard, it is all right for her to have female support but not male support for him. What is good for the goose is also good for we ganders, ladies. Deal with that. When male glandular urges arise, using safe sex and chosen to taste porn, which is free of STD, oops babies, paternity suits for someone else's baby batter responsible for the growing **bastard bun in her oven**, which she blames him to pay for, and more, with that and a quick jerk-off, after cleaning up with a tissue he is back to the game-box or in complete freedom hanging out bonding with male friends. No obligations, no commitment, no forfeiting his dreams and resources sacrificing his life as Ms. 'Matri-X's' martyr nailed to her family man's cross. He lives fancy free absent matriarchal enslavement as a thankless, bleeding victim on her sacrificial altar to 'Madonna and Child.' Moreover, technology and AI have created artificial very lifelike 'Stepford Wife' women robot replacements that can *intelligently* converse, feel and please almost like the real thing; well enough to attract and suit a large and growing following of men using technological substitutes as surrogate to troublesome, expensive, messy, and sometimes smelly she-beasts. Ms. Bot does not tell, swell, bleed, PMS, bitch, whine, file for divorce, palimony, and alimony, claim everything as her property, is always available and eager to please. Now he can buy off the rack female replacements as you fine liberated ladies have been doing to men for decades. Technology replaces everything else, so why not women who **chose** to end her role as partner and helpmate **with** men to instead be his owner and slave owner. Considering the matriarchal tarring men have taken in six millennia before feminism liberated him, I can understand why men avoid returning to his former place as pig shit under American women's matriarchal doormats. 'American woman stay away from me..' sage and prophet Burton Cummings urged to US men in the 1960's. They say NOW and women's liberation did more to emancipate men than women. At this moment in our graduate's life, yep, sure as hell looks like that is the circumstance as she prepares for work at one of her three jobs. Her grandmother's life as wife, mother and homemaker never required that she work outside of home. Wisely, grandma chose not to do so. She was too happy in a full time occupation devoting her entire life to the welfare & care of husband, family and her happiness in doing so. However, our graduate's young mother, after doing that more than a decade, was forced into outside employment due to wrongheaded, feminist driven, US National Socialist policies. Nanny Socialist state resources dried up after accomplishing its agenda using 'Murphy Brown' and other fantasy TV, celeb-glamour, sit-com characters to condition 'me-too' women into pursuing 'her denied rights' while serving as the collectivist state's means accomplishing its socially engineered ends. Women are suckers for propaganda following it like sheep to the slaughter. History is replete with examples of major socially engineered, coup d'etats employing she as its willing bitches. What masses are misled into believing she creates with unanticipated negative consequences; aka women create what in the end she never expected or desired! Facing consequences from releasing more proverbial curses out of Pandora's box because she cannot leave well enough alone. Fixing what is not broken until it is beyond salvage. Will woman never learn to be happy with what she has instead of what she has not? In other words, to be satisfied where she is instead of always seeking fantasies in where she is not? Until doing that a woman's nature will continue to be her undoing and of that over which she influences. All feminism did for our graduate is now she must work three jobs to barely get by chasing the phony American dream. The benefit of constant fatigue is that it dulls her pain and loneliness. Prospect of another night sleeping all by herself punctuates the worst ongoing waking nightmare of her young, college educated, liberated, feminist life. Like mother like daughter in the sins of Medea passed onto her children. Of all the myriad, sundry, American disappointments, especially the American Dream, I think that her college educated women rank as the biggest of them all.

Harry Chapin - Cat's In The Cradle Lyrics - for PC, Feminist, moms.

My child arrived just the other day; She came to the world in the usual way.
But there were planes to catch and bills to pay; she learned to walk while I was away.
And she was talkin' 'fore I knew it, and as she grew, she'd say "I'm gonna be like you, mom. You know I'm gonna be like you."

My daughter turned ten just the other day; she said, "Thanks for the ballet shoes, mom come and watch my play. 'Can you help me rehearse?' I said, "not today; I got a lot to do," she said, "That's OK." My child walked away but her smile never dimmed as she said, "I'm gonna be like her, yeah! You know I'm gonna be like her."

Well, she came from college just the other day; so much like a woman, I just had to say.
"Girl, I'm proud of you, can you sit for a while?" She shook her head and said with a smile, "What I'd really like, mom, is to borrow the car keys. See you later, may I have them please?"

The cat's in the cradle with a silver spoon; My Little girl grew up with a mom on the moon. **When you comin' home, Mom**, I don't know when, but we'll get together then. You know we'll have a good time then.

I've long since retired, my daughters moved away; I called her up just the other day;
I said, "I'd like to see you if you don't mind." she said, "I'd love to, mom, if I can find the time. You see my new job's a hassle and the kids have the flu; but it's sure nice talking to you, mom; it's been nice talking to you...."

The cat's in the cradle with a silver spoon; My Little girl grew up with a mom on the moon. **When you comin' home, kid**, I don't know when, but we'll get together then, mom. You know we'll have a good time then.....

And as I hung up the phone, it occurred to me; she'd grown up just like me; My baby girl was just like me....

The cat's in the cradle with a silver spoon; My Little girl grew up with a mom on the moon. When you comin' home, kid, I don't know when, but we'll get together then, mom. You know we'll have a good time then.....

Someday I'll. ©Xen.

I sometimes frequent a place. It is the graveyard of "Someday I'll," which is located beside a cornfield. I watch the phantoms that live there. They go by names of 'a life that might've been,' 'wait until tomorrow,' 'if only I had of,' 'what if I,' 'I plan to,' 'I should've,' 'I could've,' 'I would've,' 'I might've,' 'maybe' and more. A growing gang of regrets that all originate from distant lands of lost imaginings, self-denied promises, delays, saving for a rainy day and better times, places other than right here and now. Duty, obligation, commitment to others always placed first and above all else left nothing remaining behind them for anything more or for me. So being true to self and dreams were set aside, forgotten, pending arrival of another opportunity that never came. Now they are all dead, long buried and lost, existing only as regrets that hide as ghosts within the complicated places of mind, beside a cornfield, in a graveyard named - 'Someday I'll.'

Ladies, was it worth the price?

Now for something completely different...Comedy anyone?

A Frank Zappa tribute to all you fine, PC, Feminist, Socialist liberals ...especially you Aunt Tims and Toms working at VA.

"Bobby Brown Goes Down" By Frank Zappa

Hey there, people, I'm Bobby Brown
They say I'm the cutest boy in town
My car is fast, my teeth is shiney
I tell all the girls they can kiss my heinie
Here I am at a famous school
I'm dressin'sharp 'n' I'm
Actin' cool
I got a cheerleader here wants to help with my
paper
Let her do all the work 'n' maybe later I'll rape
her
Oh God I am the American dream
I do not think I'm too extreme
An' I'm a handsome sonofabitch
I'm gonna get a good job 'n' be real rich

Women's Liberation
Came creepin' across the nation
I tell you people, I was not ready
When I fucked this dyke by the name of Freddie
She made a little speech then,
Aw, she tried to make me say when
She had my balls in a vice, but she left the dick
I guess it's still hooked on, but now it shoots too
quick

Oh God I am the American dream
But now I smell like Vaseline
An' I'm a miserable sonofabitch
Am I a boy or a lady... I don't know which

So I went out 'n' bought me a leisure suit
I jingle my change, but I'm still kinda cute
Got a job doin' radio promo
And none of the jocks can even tell I'm a homo
Eventually me 'nd a friend
Sorta of drifted along into S&M
I can take about an hour on the tower of power
As long as I get a little golden shower
Oh God I am the American dream
With a spindle up my butt till it makes me scream
An' I'll do anything to get a head
I lay awake nights sayin', "Thank you, Fred!"
Oh God, Oh God, I'm so fantastic!
Thanks to Freddie, I'm a sexual spastic
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now; I'm goin' down,
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now; I'm goin' down...